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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

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JOHN JONES.

In the course of my life, as a member of the trading community in Scotland, I have had occasion to observe many instances of the unfitness of English ideas for the Scottish market. The English carry labour into subdivisions, and apply themselves to the production of articles of convenience and luxury, hardly yet dreamt of even by political economists amongst their northern brethren; and hence, in some of their attempts at establishing a trade in Scotland, they are eminently unfortunate. A small dapper young man in a blue surtout, and bearing a neat black leather parcel under his arm, appears suddenly on the streets of some country town in Scotland. For several days he is seen whisking about amongst the shops, with an important absorbed air: probably, if you happen to pass near him, you overhear a hum somewhat resembling the last favourite song at the Surrey or the Adelphi. Selecting a shop in which he sees few or no customers, he enters with an aspect of the greatest consequence, his hat smartly set upon his head, and then as neatly taken off and laid down upon the counter, on the other side of which stands the sombre Scotch trader, with a mind coolly prepared to resist any undue attempt to gain upon its credulity. "Good morning, sir," begins the dapper young man; "I have taken the liberty to call upon you, sir, with our celebrated Patent Pearl Platinum Pen. Perhaps, sir, you have heard of this famous article [he is now opening his parcel with all possible speed]; be so good, sir, as just try one. We have them, sir, set upon ivory handles, and also by themselves as nibs. The Patent Pearl Pen, sir, is an article now quite established—nothing else used at the Bank of England. Be so good, sir, as just try one of our nibs, sir. Let me slip it upon your pen, sir: there." The cautious Scot hears this address without the least emotion, and indicates in answer that he is not inclined to forsake the use of ordinary goose pens. "Oh but, sir, consider the saving. The Patent Pearl Platinum lasts, at a fair calculation, five years. Costs only three and sixpence at first, and can be new-nibbed at any time by a working-jeweller for sixpence. What a difference between this and the hundreds of quills you must use in the same time! And what a saving in trouble! Instead of the constant cutting and carving at your quills, here you have a pen which does not require to be mended above once a twelvemonth!"

"It's a' very weel," says the cold and sceptical Caledonian; "but I never had any reason, as yet, to compleen o' our ordinar pens. Ane at a bawbee serves me a month at any time, and as for the mending, ane maun aye be doin' something, and as weel mend pens as any other thing. Od, we're no in sic a hurry hereabouts as a' that comes to. I'm no saying any thing in prejudice of the pen there—I see it's a nate article—but I'm thinking guse pens have done unco weel as yet, and 'll maybe bear the gree after a'."

"Yes, sir; but just try the Patent Pearl, if you please [the Scotsman takes it from his hand, and proceeds to write *mittimus* on a slip of paper]; now, sir, did you ever see any thing like that? How smoothly it goes over the paper! How delicate the strokes! Why, sir, the Pearl Platinum will make even a bad writer write well!"

"Oh, ay, it's a' very true, perhaps," says the trader, somewhat alarmed at the power or purchase which the really good performance of the pen has given the other over him; "yes, yes—I dinna dispute that it's a nice article; but, ye see, I've really nae need for't. It would do in a bank, maybe; but, for my pairt, I'm quite satisfied wi' the gude auld grey feather. We never like newfangled things hereaway."

Notwithstanding the "patient merit" of the apostle of the Patent Pearl Platinum Pen, he feels himself at length quite discomfited by the indifference of the expected customer, packs up his parcel, takes up his hat, and, making a bow of infinite suavity, with a "good morning, sir," leaves the shop, to try at some other, and be equally unsuccessful.

The above is only a specimen of hundreds of neat little men, who come down to the north, parcel under arm, or bag in hand, to propagate a demand and supply of certain nick-nacky things which no Scotsman has as yet thought of requiring. Such men are a kind of *bishops in partibus*, and must really encounter many disappointments, and expend much time and capital, without in general obtaining any adequate return. Sometimes the little man is bent on extending the use of a certain new patent species of silver-eyed needles. Sometimes he is the missionary of a house which devotes itself to the manufacture of what is called "the Nonpareil" or perhaps "the Improved Nonpareil Patent Screw." Sometimes he wishes to establish an agency for the sale of "the Unapproachable Durable Ink for writing on Linen." Sometimes he comes to blazon the virtues of a new kind of "Lucifer Matches," which catch fire by being drawn quickly through a piece of sandpaper, and are of great use in lighting cigars. Scottish traders are astonished at the apparently trifling nature of the articles in which these dapper Englishmen find it worth their while to deal. One will undertake a journey all over Scotland, in order to "form connections" for the sale of what he calls "the Unquenchable Floating Light." This is a small bit of taper stuck into a thin section of cork, and thus calculated to float upon a glass of oil. "The Unquenchable Floating Light, sir, is of incalculable service for burning in sick chambers. You put it into a basin, so that there is no fear of its setting the curtains a-fire. It gives a small light, just as much as may not be offensive to the invalid, and yet sufficient to allow one to light a candle from it at any time, or even to read by it. The Floating Light, sir, is a matchless article—quite unknown as yet in Scotland, and nothing, I believe, used instead of it. Our house have done an amazing deal with it—turn over twelve thousand a-year, sir. We are anxious to have an agency in this town, sir, and if you would undertake to push it, should be very happy to agree with you;" and so forth. Another person makes a crusade to the north, in order to preach up a particular kind of black-lead pencils. "My card, sir. I come from Snugs, Snugs, Mugs, and Company. You will have heard of our pencils, sir. Our H. H. is an article well known to the trade in most parts of the country—universally used in the schools, sir, and has the approval of the Royal Trigonometrical Board. First-rate article, sir. And our H. B.!—there is no pencil in the world, sir, that can go beyond our H. B., unless it be our H. H. B., which is superb. Our H. H. B., sir, is unrivalled for delicacy in outlining, and our S. B. for softness in shading. We can do, sir, upon terms that you would find advantageous. I should be highly favoured by an order." These persons being generally young, and brought up with the limited ideas proper to their own narrow branch of a particular trade, are much surprised to find themselves so coolly received in Scotland. They and the Scotch totally misapprehend each other. They never take into account the indifference with which a people of limited resources, and tastes partially cultivated, must naturally behold the minutiae of luxurious convenience. The Scotch traders, on the other hand, are somewhat intolerant of the vola-

tile Englishmen, and look upon them as a kind of monomaniacs, who will spend a lifetime, and travel hundreds of miles, in disseminating *niff-naffs*. No doubt many of these emissaries of trade are a forward and uninstructed class of persons, and therefore can hardly expect to be very favourably treated. But yet, perhaps, even those whose *line* seems the most hopeless and frivolous, are calculated to do some good to a country in the situation of Scotland. We must have been indebted to these men for many of the luxuries and appliances which tend so much to refine, and, by raising the standard of existence, to increase the industry of a nation. So far as their objects seem ridiculous and their hopes extravagant, they only resemble many other videttes in the march of intellect, whose fate it is to be almost always cut down by the enemy, before the main body comes up. There is something, moreover, in the gallant enthusiasm with which an Englishman will throw himself upon the spikes of a new idea in business, in the forlorn hope of making a little money, that is apt to interest a contemplative and benevolent mind.

A young Englishman of the truly English name John Jones, came down to the Scottish capital some years ago, flaming with the idea of setting up a beer-house upon the London model. He had been left a little money to begin the world with, and, before coming away, had married his sweetheart, a girl particularly qualified to preside over such a business as he now contemplated, seeing that she was the daughter of a licensed victualler in Islington, and was fully as bent upon an industrious course of life as her husband. Jones, being totally ignorant of the town, had some difficulty in pitching upon an advantageous place for his trade; but he finally settled upon a part of the old town, where he conceived that the comparative density of the population gave him the best assurance of success. After selecting a proper shop, he spent the whole of his capital upon a splendid set of fixtures appropriate to the business, and when the day of opening at length arrived—a day announced before in the newspapers at an unlimited expense—burst upon the astonished senses of the people, with one of the most magnificent visions of a beer-house that had ever been seen in any quarter of the empire. Every thing (to use his own phrase) was in apple-pie order; the windows had inscriptions the most gay and inviting; the counter was of green and gold; and the various kinds of beer were drawn, or ready to be drawn, from a range of fountains communicating with barrels in the cellar: added to all, Mr and Mrs Jones stood in the shop, as smart as opera-dancers, prepared and anxious to fly upon the least atom of business that might come to their hands. There was such an appearance of aptness and promptitude in the whole affair, that you would have almost expected the glasses to rise at a bidding, and fill themselves at the spout. Alas, there was every thing that could be desired—but customers. To the infinite consternation of the industrious couple, hardly any people came in, and those, finding no bustle, did not like to remain, and still less to return. The situation was completely miscalculated, if not the whole design. Such of the common people around them as were inclined to indulge in liquor, were bigoted to whisky, and talked with contempt of the cold claggy stuff to which the English are so much attached. For days—long wearisome days—did the unfortunate pair keep up a fictitious bustle in their shop, affecting a show of business and of satisfaction with their situation; he whistling over the unused glasses which he was perpetually washing, and she effacing the relics of imaginary potations from the mahogany tables; and after

all was over for the day, almost afraid to look into the till, ere with sad and heavy hearts they retired to their joyless supper. Vain were all advertisements; vain all exhibition of supposed business. The principle of the obstacle was too powerful to be overcome—a complete absence of all demand for the branch of trade here attempted to be set up. Even the persevering industry of an Englishman could not long stand up against such unfavourable circumstances. Hope reluctantly, but irrevocably, died within him. To keep up a perpetual flow of fresh liquors, where so much became useless and had to be thrown away, was, moreover, more than the fortune of this poor man could bear. Things gradually became more and more gloomy; even the shop, with all its unwonted splendour, ceased to attract the homage of a passing gaze. At length, about the commencement of winter, came one very cold day, when it was hardly possible to maintain personal comfort even by the fireside. With the fortitude of a martyr, Jones persevered in standing at his usual place within his open shop—for an Englishman will die at his wheel or his desk rather than abandon a principle in business. The consequence was, that the poor fellow contracted a severe rheumatic fever, which soon confined him to his bed, notwithstanding all his anxieties about the shop. His wife was at this time in no proper condition to attend to business; but she nevertheless devoted herself to it with perfect resignation and cheerfulness, leaving her husband to the charge of a servant. The medical gentleman who attended Jones happened to be an intimate friend of mine; and from him did I afterwards learn the whole particulars of this little tragedy of humble life. Amidst all the severe distresses of the patient, his mind constantly reverted to the shop. Had it been properly put to rights that morning? Had such and such a barrel been substituted for another? What was doing? Such were the questions he was perpetually asking; and it was found necessary for his comfort that the servant should go every hour to the place of business, which was at a little distance, in order to learn, as he said, how things were going on. Towards night, when a book was always brought to him, containing a statement of the day's transactions, he used to become excessively fidgetty; and when it was at length submitted to him, it was surprising with what a rekindling of his decayed powers he would sit up to inspect it. If but a shilling more had been received on this day than on the preceding, his eyes brightened with a new hope, notwithstanding the paltriness and inadequacy of the general run of receipts. If a shilling less had been taken, his depression was in proportion. In the former case, he would be comparatively cheerful all next day; in the latter, his spirits were as sensibly sunk. The physician would have vainly prevented him from taking this interest in business; but all his efforts were in vain. "I could not live two days, sir," said poor Jones, "if I did not hear how the shop was getting on." My friend, who was a man of great benevolence, would sometimes chide him, on one of his depressed days, for giving way to such gloomy feelings. "Ah, sir," Jones would reply, "how can I be in spirits? Nothing doing, sir, down the way—only six and sevenpence halfpenny drawn yesterday—won't keep the gas burning, sir." The good doctor would then suggest that it was in vain contending longer with circumstances, and that he should either remove to some better part of the town, or give up the project altogether, and return to his own country. "Yes, yes," Jones would say, "if I were but well, or Sally a little stouter, we might perhaps remove; as things are, it is impossible. As for returning to England, what could we do there without ever a penny to set us up?" The subject being broached some time after, when the disease was taking a somewhat unfavourable turn, "Ah, doctor," said Jones, "it is needless to talk of removing now; my next remove must be a very decided one indeed. I shall never see old England again." Vain henceforth were all efforts to cheer him, or to arrest the progress of his malady. On one particular day it happened that about double the usual sum was received—"It is too late," said he, "and to-morrow, perhaps, there will be as little doing as ever: Oh, there is nothing to be done here;" and he turned himself sorrowfully away as he spoke. About this time arrived the period of Mrs Jones's confinement; and it was found absolutely necessary that the shop should be shut up. This consummation, which at another time would have appeared a shocking violation of commercial propriety,

did not concern him much. "It is all one," said he; "nothing doing to speak of; and I will soon be where I shall not care for business any more." The distresses of this little family were now truly pitiable. In the expectation of speedy dissolution, the unhappy husband was presented with a daughter—a fair blue-eyed Saxon child, which, in other circumstances, might have inspired him with the most pleasing sensations, and nerved his mind to still greater exertions in his favourite occupations, but which, as the case now stood, only gave new bitterness to a bitter lot, and sharpened the pangs with which he parted from his home and from the world. "Had the little one," said he to the doctor, "come when I was in health, and business going on well, how delightful a sight she would have been! but now she makes it just so much the worse—what, what is to become of poor Sally and this little darling?"

Jones died on the third day after his wife's confinement, a victim, unquestionably, to the eager and absorbing pursuit of business which so remarkably characterises his countrymen, and which, on being transferred into a soil like that of Scotland, where commercial systems are not nearly so far advanced, and the people are slow in adopting new modes and tastes, is found so strangely out of place, and so apt to end in misfortune. The distresses of this household of strangers were so very great, that farther calamities might have been fairly expected. Misfortunes, however, are sometimes more repairable than at first sight appears. The poor widow, notwithstanding her bereavement, had a good recovery, and was soon able to look after her own affairs. She then sold off the furniture of the shop, and with the trifle which she realised from it, paid off the few debts she had contracted in Edinburgh, and returned to her friends in England.

NATURAL HISTORY OF RATS.

THERE are two kinds of rats in this country—the black rat (*Mus rattus*), which is considered as indigenous; and the brown rat (*Mus decumanus*), which is commonly believed to be a foreigner, and is said by some to have been imported from Norway, or, by others, from America, while naturalists assert that it is an Asiatic species. The black rat is a smaller animal than its congener, and is neither so prolific nor so voracious, though it commits the most insatiable devastations, in proportion to its size, whenever it can find an entrance into houses, barns, or granaries. Dr Fleming states, that they bring forth eleven young ones at a litter, and mentions that he has evidence of their pulling off the hair from the necks of cows to line their nests. It is hardly a burrowing animal, and in old-fashioned country houses used to live chiefly in holes of the thatch or turf of which the roofs in those days were usually formed. The brown rat, on the other hand, burrows deep in the earth, and often seeks security for its nest beneath the very foundation-stones of houses. The quantity of earth, stones, and rubbish, which they will cast up in forming one of these dens of refuge, is quite incredible; and it often seems impossible to eradicate them without taking down the wall. Their habits lead them also to take refuge in the sewers of towns, the drains made under gentlemen's houses, and other concealed places, particularly where there is foul water. The female frequently brings forth nineteen at a litter.

In the style of building now generally adopted, and which extends even to the meanest farm-offices, there are none of those thatched roofs, stone and turf walls, or clay cottages, which were the favourite haunts of the black rat; and this species is therefore deprived of almost every resource for lodging. The same circumstance which has had this effect has been favourable to the accommodation of their congeners, the brown rat, who find additional sewers, drains, and conduits of water in every new erection, and who avail themselves instantly of them all to find lodging for their numberless progeny. This circumstance, together with the astonishing fertility of the brown rat, has decided the fate of the two races; for the latter are gradually multiplying and filling the country like a plague, while their black relatives are only found in the oldest houses of towns, and a few of the ruder farming districts. This is so much the case as to have given rise to a belief that the brown rat kills and devours his weaker brethren, and that he has gradually eaten them up all over the country. But the same eminent naturalist whom we have quoted above, states that he has seen an instance

where the two species lived together under the same roof for years.

The brown rat is certainly a most destructive animal; from the way in which they lodge themselves, it is almost impossible to expel them from any premises in which they once take up their abode. About breweries, storehouses, and granaries, in towns, they are particularly annoying, from having the common sewers at hand as a place for refuge and breeding: so their recesses there, no dog, cat, or other officer of the animal police, can pursue them; and we recollect one poor watchdog, who in his zeal for preserving the peace of his district, had ventured into one of their dens, and was not again heard of, till on the sewer being choked, his skeleton was discovered clean picked by the insatiable rats. They consume all sorts of food, animal and vegetable; and about farms and other country places, nothing can be more universal than their depredations. Towards harvest they sometimes lodge themselves in the corn-fields, burrowing slightly into the ground, and throwing out the roots of the corn from all the space where they have chosen to entrench themselves: here they subsist on the soft grains of corn, on young potatoes, on peas, and other matters; game also, partridges, pheasants, and their eggs, form a luxurious resource of which they avail themselves plentifully; for in the matter of catching these animals, and perhaps others, they are as cunning as cats or foxes. Towards winter, when their outfield resources begin to fail them, and the shallow holes they make in the earth become wet, they crowd into inhabited places. Farm-steadings, breweries, or mills, are then their favourite haunts in the country; but wherever there is a covered drain or sewer, they lodge there, and infest the whole neighbourhood. In these places, their artifice to procure and carry away food are endless, and are often remarkable for their labour as well as ingenuity; the strongest wooden girnel (mill-chest) will not protect meal from their depredations. About mills, they frequently gnaw off and devour the tails of young pigs, and whole litters of these animals have been mutilated in this way; they are also great enemies to broods of chickens, whom they seize and carry off to their nests; about farm places the loss of birds in this way is greater than would be easily believed. One singular fact, which we have on the authority of an eye-witness, may give an idea both of their voracity and cunning. Our informant observed several of them one morning gathered about a hen's nest, where there were some eggs; and imagining that they intended in some way to make these their prey, or perhaps to carry them off, as they are frequently said to do, he resolved to watch their motions: in a short time he saw one of them lay himself down beside an egg, where, folding his body round it lengthwise, he held it as firm as he could; after which, the better to secure his grasp, he took his tail between his teeth; the others then approached, and, seizing him by the neck, fairly dragged off the rat and the egg together.

These rats swim with ease, and can seek their prey by water as well as by land. A sportsman, who is an accurate observer of the habits of animals, informs us that he has seen them walking along the bottom of streams with the same apparent expedition as on dry ground. They infest ships and harbours to a most annoying degree, and can hardly be eradicated: in warm climates, steam has sometimes been employed to destroy them in ships; the hatches being closed, and the vapour admitted till the animals are boiled to a pulp. We have heard of an American captain who adopted a very ingenious but less creditable plan. Having been almost eaten up by these creatures in his ship for some years, he took an opportunity one voyage, after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman, who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese; the greedy sagacity of the rats led them instantly to discover the communication, and before morning next day, there was not one of them remaining in his ship. By removing the plank, he of course took care they should not resume their old quarters; and so by a cruel trick he rid himself of this voracious colony of rats. The propensity of rats to desert a bare habitation for one better provided, has passed into a satirical proverb in the English language. An eye-witness has mentioned to us the fact, that once, when a new farm-stead was provided for him, the rats deserted the old one, immediately before the removal of the family, and were found by them every where, already entrenched in the places most convenient for themselves.

It is believed that the annoying increase of rats in country places, and indeed every where, is facilitated by certain new circumstances in the state of the country. Hawks, kites, owls, cats, hooded-crows, &c. all make a prey of this animal wherever they can discover it; and the ferret is so much its terror, that one of these creatures introduced into a rat's den will make the whole inmates run shrieking to the farthest corners, so certain and fatal is its attack. All these

animals, however, are proscribed by the code of the sportsman; and where game is protected, one of them is not allowed to live. We allow that this system has the effect of covering our fields with a number of beautiful birds, which otherwise could not exist in numbers, such as the partridge, the pheasant, the blackbird (which has only been plentiful in Scotland since game began to be protected), the thrush, and indeed the whole tribe of singing birds; but it has still the collateral result of encouraging a breed of vermin more noxious and destructive than any of those which are proscribed.

THE COURT CAVE,

A TALE.

A few years before the pride of Scotland had been prostrated on the disastrous field of Flodden, the estate of Balmeny, in the county of Fife, was possessed by Walter Colville, then considerably advanced in years, and much attached to the family of Stuart. Six stalwart sons had been born to this aged baron, but all had perished in enterprises of one kind or another, and he was now left a widower with one daughter, the fair and gentle Edith. In Walter's neighbourhood lived Arthur Winton, the impoverished son of a gentleman who had lost his life and estate in fighting against the late King James III. at Sauchie. To this boy, Walter Colville, whose family had been sadly thinned in that battle, while fighting on the other side, naturally bore no good will; but his younger son, who was nearly of the same age, viewed him with different feelings. He was much about the house of Balmeny; and, to be brief, he won the affections of the young Edith, long before she knew either their nature or their value. Until the departure of young Walter Colville, Arthur's visits were attributed by the old man to his friendship for his son, but when Edith had unhappily become his heir, by the death of all his children, he at once attributed them to their proper cause. A stern prohibition of their repetition was the consequence, and the lovers were henceforth reduced to hurried and sorrowful meetings in secret.

One morning the youthful pair had met unobserved, as they imagined, in a shady corner of Balmeny wood, and had begun, the one to lament, and the other to listen, when the sudden apparition of the angry father checked the pleasing current of their feelings. Arthur attempted to allay his anger, and to plead his passion, as he best could; but the grim and angry frown that sat on Walter Colville's brow, as he listened to him, soon showed how vainly he was speaking, and he ceased in confusion.

"Have you finished, young master?" said Walter with a sneer. "Then listen—you are not the wooer I look for to Edith. I should prefer him something richer, something wiser, and something truer to the king, than any son of your father is likely ever to prove; so set your heart at rest on that matter. And you giglot, sooth! to your rock and your chisart. But stay—before you go, tell this gallant gay to growl no longer about my dwelling. By St Bride, an' he does, he may chance to meet a fox's fate."

"Dear father," said the weeping girl, "upbraid us not. Never will I disobey you, never be his, without your own consent."

"Hold there," replied Walter, smiling grimly: "I ask no more." And he led away the maiden, who dared not so much as steal a parting look.

Arthur Winton bore this fiat of the old man, and the dutiful acquiescence of his daughter, if not with equanimity, at least with so much of it as enabled him to leave the presence of his mistress and her father with something like composure. He wandered slowly to the beach, which lay at no great distance, as if he had hoped to inhale with the cool breeze that floated from off the waters some portion of the calmness in which they then lay bound, his mind occupied in turning over ill-assorted plans for the future, ever broken in upon by some intruding recollection of the past. Before him lay the silver Firth, and, half veiled in distance, the green fields and hills of Lothian, terminated by the picturesque Law of North Berwick, and the great Bass, frowning like some vast leviathan awakening from his sleep. One or two white-sailed barks lay motionless upon the water. The effect of the whole was so stilling and sedative, that Arthur, half forgetting his recent disappointment, abandoned himself to contemplation. While thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, the sounds of distant song and merriment occasionally broke upon his ear. He looked and listened for some time, and at length ascertained that the sounds proceeded from a neighbouring cave, which opens from the sea-beach beneath the overhanging bank. Being anxious to dispel the feelings that now preyed on his peace, by diversion of whatever kind, he walked towards the place. As he approached, the mirth was renewed with increased vehemence. On entering, he found himself in the interior of a high-roofed cavern, of considerable extent, partly exposed to the air by two arched openings between the lofty recesses of rock which support the roof, that towards the east being the smaller and lower of the two; and the other rising in height nearly to the roof, affording a view of the Firth, and admitting light to the place.

The inhabitants of the cave were a gang of merry gipsies, who had ranged themselves along the north and inner side. Nearest the western entrance, stretched on sacks, sheepskins, cloaks, and other nondescript articles of clothing, sat, or rather lay, ten or twelve men, with rather more than double that number of women, all busily engaged in drinking; farther off, some ragged crones were busily superintending the operation of a wood fire on a suspended pot; while, farther off still, a few backbaked asses, and a plentiful variety of half-clad children, were enjoying their common straw.

Arthur was immediately introduced to the company of carousers, some of whom received him with a shout of welcome, but others with evident dissatisfaction. One

of the party, who was evidently the chief of the gang, was an aged man, with a beard of silver grey, which, as he sat, descended to his lap, entirely covering his breast. His head was quite bald, with the exception of a few hairs that still struggled for existence behind his ears; and this, added to the snowy whiteness of his eyebrows, and the deep wrinkles in his brow and cheeks, would have conferred an air of reverence on his countenance, had not the sinister expression of his small and fiery-looking eyes destroyed the charm.

Arthur seated himself in silence, and, something neglectful of the attention of the female who sat next him, occupied himself in surveying the motley group before him. His eye soon rested on a man seated next the damsel who occupied the place immediately to the left of the chief; and the moment he did, he became anxious and interested. The individual was a man of rather more than middle height, of a muscular, though by no means brawny frame. His countenance was ruddy, and of a pleasant mirthful expression; his eyes were full, of a dark hazel colour; his nose, though prominent, was gracefully formed, and his mouth small and piquant. His beard was of a dark auburn hue, and he wore mustachios of the same colour. He was dressed in a hoddie grey doublet and hose, which were fastened round his body by a strong leathern girdle, from which hung a broad sword of the two-edged shape. The manner of this individual was evidently different from those of his present companions, and that from the very pains which he took to assimilate it. There was all their mirth without their grossness, and his kind affable demeanour to the female part of the company differed widely from the blunt and sometimes brutal behaviour of his comrades.

The patriarch had viewed, for some time, with ill-dissembled anger, the simple civilities of the stranger, and at length his indignation burst out. Suddenly he drew his hand from his bosom. It was filled with a dagger, which he raised high, evidently with the intention of slaying the unguarded stranger. Arthur, who at the moment was lifting to his mouth the ponderous pewter stoup, or flaggon, containing the ale on which the gipsies were regaling, saw the wretch's intent, and in the impulse of the moment flung the vessel at the lifted hand. His aim was fortunately true; the villain's arm fell powerless by his side, while the dagger flew to a considerable distance. Arthur then rose, and, crying hastily to the stranger to defend himself, drew his blade and made towards him.

The stranger had perceived the intended blow, though, entangled as he at the moment was, he would unquestionably have fallen a victim to it. He now leaped hastily up, and exclaiming loudly, "Treason!" drew out his sword, and looked for the foe. Arthur now joined him, and, setting their backs to the rocky wall of the cave, they prepared to defend themselves against the enraged gipsies, who, now shouting wildly, drew from under their cloaks, long sharp knives, which they brandished furiously in their faces.

The stranger swept his sword around him in a manner that proved him a practised master, and Arthur manfully seconding him, the gipsies were kept completely at bay, for none seemed daring enough to trust himself within the sweep of the stranger's sword, or that of his new companion. But it was only while they could keep their backs to the rocky wall that they could hope to cope with their savage enemies, who, though they did not come near enough to stab, surrounded them as nearly as they could, and yelled and shouted like so many disappointed fiends. There was apparently no means of escape, though there might of resistance, as the moment they quitted the wall their backs would have been exposed to the daggers of the infuriated assassins. Arthur perceived, too, to his dismay, that sure means were taking to render their length of sword unavailing. Several women were clambering up the rock behind them, carrying blankets and other cloths, clearly for the purpose of throwing over their swords and themselves, and thus yielding them up a fettered prey to the knives of these butchers. All hope of escape died in his bosom as he perceived the well-laid design, and he was about to rush on the savages, and at least sell his life dearly, when he perceived the women who carried the blankets pause and look upwards. He too looked up, and saw with a consternation that for a moment unmanned him, an immense fragment of loose rock in the very act of being removed from its immemorial resting-place, and precipitated on their heads.

The ponderous stone dropped so far directly on its fatal errand, that Arthur instinctively crouched beneath the apparently inevitable blow; but encountering a few feet only above his head a projecting piece of rock, it rebounded from the side of the cave in a slanting direction, and, falling clear of its intended victims, smote to the earth the hoary head of the patriarch.

The gipsies, panic-struck by this sudden deathblow, set up a loud and stunning wail, as they crowded round the body of their chief; but the stranger and Arthur staid not to observe their farther demeanour, and, taking advantage of the opening among their enemies, which was now afforded them, sprang out of the cave, and ascended at the top of their speed to the brow of the eminence behind it. They continued their rapid walk for some time in silence. At length, having entered a few yards into a wood, which then decorated the place, the stranger halted, and, taking Arthur by the hand, and offering his purse, said, breathlessly, "By St Andrew, young sir, you have done us this day good service. I never thought to have been so indebted to a pint-stoup, trow me."

"Whoever you are, sir," he replied, "that in this lowly disguise speak the language and the sentiments of the noble-born, your own heart will, I know, convince you that I dare not accept your gold. The service I rendered you I would have rendered to the poorest carle in Fife; but, were it ten times greater than it was, it must not be repaid with coin."

"All are not carles who wear hoddie grey and blue bonnets with you, I find," replied the stranger, smiling approvingly. "But come, if gold cannot repay the service you have done me, tell me what can."

"Nothing in your power to perform," replied Arthur calmly.

"Try," continued the stranger; "I bear with me a talisman which can command all objects which men in general desire. Chase, then—wealth, worship, or a fair wife."

There was something so frank, open yet condescending, in the tone and appearance of this extraordinary stranger, that Arthur could not resist their fascinating influence; and although he could not imagine that any interference on the part of his new friend would produce the slightest change in the unalterable sentence of Walter Colville, he communicated to him a general outline of his present situation.

The stranger listened attentively to the detail—then demanded how far distant the dwelling of Colville was; and, on being informed of its near vicinity to the spot on which they then stood, declared his intention of immediately proceeding thither, and using his influence in Arthur's behalf. The latter opposed this resolution but faintly; for, though he was, as we have said, utterly at a loss to conceive how his cause was to be benefited by the proffered kindness of the stranger, yet a vague and almost latent hope of still obtaining Edith never entirely forsook him. He conducted the stranger through the wood, therefore, by the path which led most directly to the house of Balmeny. On reaching the skirt of the forest, it was agreed that the former should proceed alone to the dwelling of Colville, and that Arthur should remain where he was, and await the result.

The stranger set out on his voluntary mission at a rapid pace, and soon arrived at the house. The door stood open, and he entered with the careless sauntering air of one entirely indifferent as to the welcome he might be greeted with. He found Walter seated apparently in no very pleasant humour, and his daughter bustling about among the serving maidens, wearing on her flushed cheek and suffused eye undoubted symptoms of the sorrow with which the morning's adventure had afflicted her.

"Give you good-even, gudeman of Balmeny," said the stranger, seating himself, without waiting an invitation, on the bench opposite Walter.

"The same to you, neebour," said the landlord, in a tone that had little of welcome in it; adding, "Have you any thing to tell, ask, or deliver, friend?"

"This bright-e'd maiden is the bonny lass of Balmeny, I'm thinking," was the unrepining answer.

"That is my daughter truly," said Walter, becoming more and more impatient. "Does your coming concern her?"

"That it does," replied the stranger. "There's an auld byword, that foul fish and fair daughters are nae keeping ware. This fair May is the object of my visit; in short, gudeman, I come a-wooing."

At the sound of this magnetic word, an universal commotion arose in the dwelling of Colville. The maiden, who was its object, surveyed the stranger with indignation and surprise; the servants whispered and tittered among each other; and Walter seemed for a moment about to give vent to the feelings of his anger, when the current of his feelings suddenly changed, and, directing a look of malicious joy to his daughter, he addressed the stranger, "Welcome, wooer, welcome. Come, lasses, set meat and drink before this gentle here; as the auld Earl of Douglas said, 'It's ill arguing between a fu' man and a fasting.'"

This order was obeyed with great readiness by the serving maidens, who set before the stranger the household bread and cheese, and a bicker of no scanty dimensions, containing the reaming ale for which Scotland has been so long famous. There was a malicious merriment twinkling from every eye as the scene went on; for all knew well that the over-strained kindness of the host was soon to be converted into outrageous and overwhelming abuse of the guest. The stranger, however, seemed either not to notice or to slight these indications. He partook heartily of the good cheer set before him, and amused himself by returning with good-humoured smiles the stolen looks of the simpering maidens. He looked in vain, however, for Edith, who had retired from the place.

"And now," said Walter, who began to think the stranger somewhat more at ease than he could have wished, "your name, wooer?"

"My name?" said the stranger, somewhat embarrassed. "My name is Stuart—James Stuart. I hope it pleases you?"

"The name is the best in the land," said the old man, touching his bonnet. "As to the wearer—hem!—a' Stuarts are no sib to the king, you ken. What countryman are you?"

"I was born at Stirling," said the stranger.

"Ay, ay, it may be, it may be," replied Walter; "but, to bring the matter to a point, what lands and living have ye, friend?"

"Sometimes less, sometimes more," replied the stranger, "as I happen to be in the giving or the taking humour. Give your daughter to the youth I shall name, and I will, on her wedding day, fill you up one lippy with the red gold, and five running o'er with silver."

"Give her! To whom?"

"To one who loves her dearly, and, what is more, is dearly loved in return, old man."

"Who is he?" reiterated Walter.

"One who is worthy already the hand of the best as daughter of any laird in Fife, and who, ere to-morrow's sun sets, will be wealthier than yourself."

"Who—who—who is he?" cried the old man.

"Arthur Winton!" said the stranger.

The anger of Walter, when this displeasing name was uttered, almost overwhelmed him.

"Out of my doors, you impostor," at length he was able to exclaim, "out of my doors. Swish away to the minion who sent you here, an' you wish not to taste the discipline of the whip, or to escape being worried by the tykes."

To the stranger, the anger of the old man, instead of fear, seemed only to occasion merriment. He laughed so heartily at the violence into which the rage of his host

seduced him, that the tears actually stood in his eyes—conduct that naturally increased the passion which it fed on. An unexpected termination was suddenly put to the scene by the entrance of Winton. His cheek was flushed with haste, and he was so breathless that he could hardly exclaim, "Save yourself, sir stranger, by instant flight; the gipsies have tracked our path hither, and are pursuing us here with numbers ten times exceeding those we encountered in the cave."

"Let them come," said the stranger, with a smile. "Gipsies though they be, they cannot eat through stone walls or oaken doors." Arthur said nothing, but looked doubtfully at Walter.

"And do you really imagine, worthy youth, and no less worthy blackit, that I am to have my house sieged, my cattle stolen, and my corn carried off, to shield you from the consequences of your drunken brawl?" Seeing that their host was thus resolute in ordering them forth, they hastened to retire; the stranger saying at his departure, "Farewell, then, old man. You are a Scot, and yet have betrayed your guest, a Stuart, at his utmost need."

The tone and sentiment of these words had a powerful effect on Walter Colville. A momentary confusion rested on his countenance, and then, with a smile ill put on, he said, "Come, come, sirs; I but joked w' ye. Did you really think that Walter Colville would abandon to his enemy any who have bitten his bannock, and kissed his cup, as you have done? Na, na; here you are safe while the auld wa's stand. Sit down. I'll go above, and look out for the land-loupers."

The old man left the place accordingly, and Arthur, seizing the opportunity, retired to one corner with Edith, where the nature of their conversation could be only guessed from the animated looks and gestures of the affectionate pair. The stranger in the meantime strode up and down the place, regardless of the affrighted servants. "What say you, my little man?" he said, addressing a boy of twelve or thirteen years, who sat before the fire, shivering, with a shaggy colley, the contents of an ample cog, altogether unheeding the agitation which reigned around him; "will you run to Wemyss Castle with a message to Sir David?"

"I'll no!" said the boy, looking up with an air expressive of his sense of the unparalleled oppression proposed in interrupting him during a meal.

The stranger laughed, and, drawing his purse from his bosom, he displayed another Jacobus, and offered it to the boy. "Na, I'll no gang for the yellow bawbee," said the urchin; "but if ye'll gie me the braw whistle, I'll rin." The stranger immediately put into his hand the dagger he had coveted, and, drawing him aside, conveyed to him in whispers the message he was to deliver.

Walter now re-entered, and informed them that he had reconnoitred the gipsies, who, including women and children, seemed to amount to above a hundred.

"Could I but get this younker beyond their clutches," said the stranger, "a short half hour would disperse them like the leaves of autumn."

It was agreed at length that the boy should make the attempt. To get him out of the house, without endangering its inmates, was comparatively easy, as the gipsies as yet stood at some distance from the door. Once out, they had only his own ready wit and speed of foot to trust to. While Walter and Arthur therefore undid with due caution the mazy bars and bolts which protected the oaken door, the stranger, anxious to witness the success of his messenger, ascended to the upper story, and stood at the open casement. He was immediately observed by the gipsies, who set up a yell of savage impatience at the sight, the men brandishing their weapons, and the women waving their arms, as if threatening vengeance against him. He, however, soon bounded beyond the group, and, with the speed of a greyhound, made for the wood. There was a cry of disappointment burst forth from the gipsies as they perceived his intention, and many set out in pursuit. The chase was viewed with deep interest by the inmates of the house. The wood was not far distant, the boy was famous for his swiftness of foot, and they could see that his pursuers were falling fast behind. To their dismay, however, they perceived at length that there was a powerful dog among the number, who continued the chase after all his human competitors had abandoned it in despair. He gained fast upon the boy. "He is lost," said Edith piteously; "that villainous dog will tear him to pieces." But the event belied the maiden's fear. Just as the ferocious animal seemed about to seize him, the boy was seen to turn upon his pursuer. The dog gave a loud howl and fell to the ground, and the stranger could perceive his own dagger gleaming in the stripling's hand, as he waved it in triumph o'er his head ere he disappeared among the trees.

"I could stake an earldom," said the stranger, exultingly, "on that boy proving a noble soldier. I'm not of the blood of Bruce, if he cannot both fight and flee."

Walter's terror, as he listened to these words, fairly mastered the assumed composure which he had hitherto affected. He took off his bonnet, and, bending lowly to the stranger, said in a voice tremulous with fear, "In God's name, say, oh! say, sir, you are not the king!"

"Even so, good Walter, James of Scotland stands before you. Are you sorry to see me? By Saint Andrew, I had hoped I should be welcome to every honest house, ay, and every honest heart, in my dominions."

Walter had dropped on his knee as the truth, which he had for some time suspected, was confirmed to him, and, looking up to his royal guest, while tears stood in his eyes, "Welcome, my noble prince; what is it of Walter Colville's, from the bodle in his purse to the last drop of his heart's blood, that the king is not welcome to?" I and mine, my liege, have fought and bled, and died for the royal house. But to see your grace here in peril, surrounded by so many villains, and this old arm alone left to assist you. Oh! for the six braw fellows that I have seen prancing on yonder lea! they would have cleared a way for your highness through them all."

"Never fear for me, Walter Colville; I am not doomed to fall by a brawl of this kind, or in mine own land. So runs the rede."

"The king now turned round, and perceived Arthur and Edith, who had retired to a little distance. When they saw they were observed, they advanced, and would have kneeled; but the prince prevented this; he took them both by the hand, and imprinted on the lips of Edith a kiss, savouring as much of warm affection as of kingly courtesy."

Their attention was now directed to the operations of the gipsies. They perceived, with some surprise, that a considerable number of them left the rest, and made for the wood, and that those who remained ceased the yelling manifestations of sorrow and revenge which had so affrighted Edith.

"They are meditating a retreat, methinks," said the king. "I fear, my liege," said Walter, "they are rather planning some mode of successful assault;" and the return of the gipsies too soon verified the apprehension. They bore with them the trunk of a fallen tree, and the besieged at once saw the use for which this powerful engine was intended.

"My door can never withstand the shock of a ram like this," cried Walter; "they will force a passage and out; and, alas, your highness will be murdered—murdered in the house of Balmory."

James was proverbially brave, but it cannot be denied that he looked a little grave as he perceived the ponderous engine borne along, which in all probability would in a few minutes lay open the passage to a band of miscreants, thirsting for his blood, and against whose rage the bravery of himself and his friends seemed a poor defence.

"Let the worst come to the worst," said he at length. "We three will make good this staircase for a stricken hour at least; before that time the rescue must arrive."

The king, Walter, and Arthur, now sought the floor below, Edith, with the serving-maidens, being stationed above.

The door was of massive oak, studded with iron nails, and supported by three iron bolts of considerable thickness. An additional defence was now added in the shape of planks placed diagonally under these bolts, and for a few moments the besieged imagined it might withstand the efforts of the assailants. But a few strokes of the tree soon showed the fallacy of this hope. The door shook under the first blow, and ere a score had been given, the yielding hinges showed that the gipsies had well calculated the force of their instrument.

"It must be cold steel that saves us after all," said the king, retreating to the staircase.

"Oh, that I and all my kin were stark dead on this floor, and your highness safe on Falkland green," said Walter, wringing his wrinkled hands, and following.

They had scarcely gained their intended position at the upper landing of the staircase, when, yielding to a desperate stroke, the door flew open, and the infuriated gipsies, shouting, made their way to the interior. Not finding those they sought below, they next proceeded to ascend the stair. This, however, was an ascent fatal to all who attempted it. Corpses after corpses fell backward among the enraged ruffians, under the blows of the king and Arthur, until no one could be found daring enough to attempt the passage.

"Let us smoke them in their hive," at length cried a hoarse voice, "and so let them either roast or come forth." A shout of approbation followed this advice; and while a chosen few remained to guard the stair, the remainder roamed about the house, collecting together every thing which could assist their diabolical design.

The king's heart, and that of his brave companions, sunk as they heard this resistless plan of destruction proposed and set about. It was for a moment only, however, for suddenly they heard the clear sweet voice of Edith exclaiming, "We are saved, we are saved; yonder come the lord of Wemyss and his gallant followers;" and immediately after the maiden herself appeared to reiterate the tidings.

"Are you sure of what you say, Edith?" asked the king eagerly; "how do the horsemen ride?"

"As if their coursers were winged," replied Edith, "all of them: but one, who backs a grey steed of surpassing power, is far before the rest, and ever and anon turns round, as if upbraiding, to his followers."

"My trusty David," cried the king, with emotion, "well wert thou worthy of the gallant grey!"

There now arose a peculiar cry from among the gipsies without, which was rightly interpreted as a signal of retreat; for it was immediately followed by the evacuation of the house; and so speedy and simultaneous was their flight, that the king could only perceive the latest of the tribe as they made for the wood, leaving to Wemyss and his companions a deserted field and an open entrance.

"Thanks, David, for this timely rescue," said the king, as the knight bended the knee before him. "The spurs were well bestowed on one who can so fairly use them."

James, followed by Sir David, Walter, Arthur, and the rest, now led the way to the upper chamber, where the immoderate joy and hospitality of the old man displayed itself in the most substantial form. When they had caroused for some time, the king, turning to Walter, said, "Mine host, did I hear rightly when you said there was nothing beneath this roof-tree to which I was not welcome?"

"Your highness heard rightly," said Walter, "I know, seldom choose the least valuable of our subjects' chattels."

"Your grace may command me," said Walter, though somewhat hesitatingly, for he saw the turn which things were taking.

"And you too, sweet Edith!" said the king, again saluting the blushing girl; and then, without waiting for her answer, continued, "That you may all know, my lieges, that we accept your benevolences merely for your own benefits, I give away this treasure, tempting as it is, to one who has well deserved the favour at our hand. Take her, Arthur, and confess that I have found a way to repay the debt I owed you. Receive his hand, fair

maiden; and if it will add any thing to its value in your eyes, know that it has this day saved a king's life."

The sentiments of Walter in regard to Arthur Winton had been undergoing a change imperceptible even to himself, from the moment he had perceived him the companion and probable favourite of the king; but the revolution was completed when he was made acquainted with the particulars of his interference in the royal behalf, a merit which would, in his eyes, have outweighed a thousand faults in his intended son-in-law.

King James shortly left the house of Balmory amid the blessings of its inmates; and to close our somewhat tedious tale, we have only farther to acquaint our readers, that the gift of the monarch was shortly after confirmed at the altar, where Edith became the happy bride of Arthur Winton, and that the royal gratitude flowed freely on the wedded pair, as any who chooses to peruse the time-worn records of the great seal may satisfy himself."

RAMBLES IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE MUSEUMS.

WE shall now conduct the stranger in London to some of the more distinguished collections of those objects of interest which have been for ages industriously gathered together from all quarters of the globe, to illustrate the history of man, and the sciences he has discovered. In all nations, the progress of what are called the fine arts has been regarded as an unerring criterion of advancement in civilization and refinement, for the powers and sensibilities of the human mind may universally be estimated by the grandeur and purity of its own creations. Hence every relic of architecture, painting, or sculpture, from Egypt or from Greece, has been preserved with an unremitting solicitude, not as mere curiosities for the admiration of the antiquarian, but as memorials which record for the benefit of posterity the intellectual character of those nations in ages which extend far beyond the reach of history or tradition. The Romans were essentially a nation of warriors, and from the period when their city consisted only of a few straggling huts, to that in which it became a "city of palaces," their intellectual and moral energies were absorbed in the great ambition of raising the seven-hilled city to the proud position of being mistress of the world, and they had little leisure consequently to cultivate or attach much intrinsic and permanent importance to the advancement of the fine arts. Shortly after the sun of Christianity, however, had arisen, and began to dissipate with its benignant rays the mists of superstition which still overhung the pagan world, a race of artists—the inspired masters—arose in Italy, who, selecting for their designs the holiest themes on which the imagination can dwell, produced pictures of such sublimity of conception, and power of execution, as render them to this day consecrated among the proudest achievements of human genius. In Great Britain, which has been in its turn both by land and by sea mistress of the civilised world, the fine arts have never attained, comparatively speaking, such lofty pre-eminence; yet exhibitions containing modern pictures, which display vast power of genius and exquisite taste, have never been wanting in London, although it must be confessed that in all such collections the exhibition of any of the ancient masters seldom fails to throw all modern competitors to an immeasurable distance into shade. In the Dulwich Gallery, the Angerstein Gallery, the Gallery of Ancient Masters in Pall Mall, and in other picture galleries that are every season open to the public, not only the connoisseur, but all persons of any imagination, feeling, and taste, may beguile many hours away in delightful recreation, now dwelling on the masterpieces of the art, which excite all the awe and the apprehension of sublimity, and now on vividly depicted scenes, which strike the chord of those more subdued and impassioned feelings which lie "too deep for tears." Let us then pause for a moment to give a brief account of

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This noble institution will be found occupying a considerable space of ground in Great Russell Street—a street of some length and importance, extending from Russell Square to Tottenham Court Road—a quarter of the metropolis lying north from Holborn, from which thoroughfare it may be reached. On entering its gate, which is guarded on each side by a sentinel, we find ourselves in a spacious quadrangle, with an Ionic colonnade on the south side, and the main building on the north. On the right hand, passing under a small

* The above article is slightly altered and condensed from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, a publication now stopped. The story is founded upon a tradition current in Fife. The cave is one of several which give an interest to that coast, and are the etymological source of the name Wemyss, which is applied to two towns and a castle in the neighbourhood. This particular excavation is styled the Court Cave, in reference to a real adventure of James IV. of Scotland, very nearly resembling that above described.

archway, and turning then to the left, we find our way to the reading-room of the library, which is open to the public under the most liberal regulations. The building, which measures 216 feet in length and 57 in height, consists of one principal mansion, with two main wings, which are allotted for the dwelling-place of some of the principal officers of the institution. The architect was at the period it was built a celebrated and first-rate artist named Peter Puget, a native of Marseilles, who was sent over to this country from Paris by Ralph, the first Duke of Montague, for the express purpose of erecting this splendid edifice. On ascending from this area by a flight of steps, we find ourselves in a spacious entrance-hall; on the left hand in which, we observe the broad stone steps of the great staircase. Immediately facing us on entrance is a fine statue of Shakspeare, which was executed by Roubilliac, and bequeathed to the museum by Garrick. The illustrious bard is represented standing, and leaning forward a little on the right arm, and the expression of the countenance resembles much the portraits executed of him from the monumental bust in Stratford Church, which, if the tradition may be credited, was copied from a cast after nature. Near the staircase also is a marble monument of the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, who is represented holding in her hands a small figure of the Genius of the Thames. A specimen of Hindoo sculpture, a Burmese idol, several Arabic inscriptions in basalt, also adorn the entrance-hall. It was formerly the regulation that all visitors should subscribe their names in a book; but since the admission of the public indiscriminately, this custom has been abolished. On ascending the grand staircase, we may observe that the ceiling is ornamented by a painting representing Phaeton soliciting Apollo for permission to drive his chariot. It appears somewhat faded, but was executed by Charles de la Fosse, one of the best colourists of the French school. Other paintings and architectural decorations, which were executed by James Rousseau, likewise adorn the staircase, and these not many years ago were cleaned and retouched by Rigaud. We have now arrived at the first landing-place, where our attention is arrested by an excellent specimen of the polar bear, procured in one of the late arctic expeditions; and also a specimen of the musk-ox from Melville Island. The musk-ox, as our readers may be aware, is a ruminating animal, about the size of a small cow. Its hair, particularly round the neck and chest, is long and shaggy, often reaching to the ground, and its short horns have a spiral twist. Still ascending the staircase, and now turning to the left, we are presented with noble specimens of a male and female giraffe or camelopard, the tallest of all the mammiferous animals, measuring, as Cuvier estimates, eighteen feet in height. The skin of these animals is of a dirty cream colour, marked with dark-brown irregular-shaped patches. The camelopard is remarkable for its very long and erect neck, which enables it to tear down the leaves and boughs from the high branches of the forest-trees. Its legs, however, are comparatively slender. It is an inhabitant of Africa, and the male specimen before us is finer than the one which is preserved in the Edinburgh College Museum.

You now enter the suite of apartments, on what in London is called the "first floor," the first room of which is surrounded by erect glass cases containing a vast variety of artificial curiosities from all the more uncivilised parts of the globe—from the arctic to the antarctic regions. The ceiling of this room, following up the design represented over the grand staircase, is adorned by a painting representing the fall of Phaeton, which was also painted by the same artist, Charles de la Fosse. The contents of the glass cases which surround this room need scarcely be described, since they consist of an almost innumerable variety of dresses, weapons, domestic utensils, and various implements of labour devised by people in distant regions, which are still only in a state of semi-civilisation. The dresses of the Esquimaux, the spears, arrows, and harpoons of the South Sea Islanders, the horse-skin coat of mail used by the Arancarian Indians on the west coast of South America, and the curiosities purchased by Mr Bullock at the sale of the Mexican Museum, are all peculiarly interesting, and demand the particular notice of the visitor. In the centre of this room are glass table-cases, containing a collection of univalve shells, arranged in the orders of Cuvier, which cannot fail to interest the lovers of natural history. But let us proceed into the adjacent apartments, the second, third, and fourth rooms, where we find the very interesting collections of dried plants by Sir Joseph Banks and Sir Hans Sloane. These bear ample testimony to the infinite zeal by which these naturalists were animated in the progress of their labours. Here also we find a collection of English fossils, arranged in the order of the strata wherein they were found. In the room adjoining is a most splendid collection of insects, preserved in cabinets. They individually appear to have been prepared with great care, and do much honour to the pains and taste of the conservator, more especially that the science of entomology is at present little more than struggling into existence. In the sixth room, near the door of entrance, we may pause to notice an original deed in Latin, written on papyrus. It is a conveyance of some land to a monastery, dated A.D. 573, bought at the sale of the Pinelli library. Opposite is a specimen of the reed—*Cyperus papyrus*—of which this the most ancient kind of paper was made; hence, indeed, the

origin of the word *paper*; and as the ancients wrote upon leaves, hence also the origin of designating our pages by the word *folio*. The eighth room is devoted to a collection of seals, vases, bronzes, &c. The seals are principally baronial, monastic, ecclesiastical, and municipal, and very curious to the eye of an antiquary. The Hindoo bronzes also merit particular attention, illustrating as they do many of the most remarkable features of the Hindoo mythology. But we have now arrived at the saloon, which with the five adjoining rooms constitute the most popular and attractive portion of the museum, as they contain the general collection of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, corals, shells, &c. The dome of the saloon is ornamented by another painting of Charles de la Fosse, representing, as some have supposed, the apotheosis of Isis, but, as is more reasonably conjectured, the birth of Minerva. Shackleton's portrait of George the Second, over the fireplace here, also attracts much attention, as do the decorations by Jacques Rousseau, and the garlands of flowers by Monoyer. The varieties of monkeys, leopards, and bats, which are here preserved, are well classified, and particularly numerous. Among them may be noticed the chimpanzee, or jocko, found in Guinea; the *Sinia troglodytes* of Linnaeus, said to live in society, forming huts of leaves and branches, and to attack man with clubs and stones when he approaches their dwellings; the Malay bear, honey weasel, prairie wolf, striped hyena, Cape ant-eater, wild-cat, puma, and sea-otter, are all in good attitudes, well stuffed, and convey to the student of natural history an accurate idea of the external characters of these animals in their wild state. The *Marsupial* is also an interesting class of animals, many specimens of which are here preserved. These animals have two peculiar bones, crossing transversely the pubis, to which an abdominal pouch or bag is attached, and to which the young at a very early stage of foetal existence is propelled. Here they attach themselves to the teat of the mother, until they have attained the size natural to birth; long after which, on the slightest apprehension of danger, they again seek this natural shelter for refuge and protection. Of these marsupial animals, the kangaroos and opossums are the most familiar examples, species of which will be found living in the Zoological Gardens. Here too may be found a stuffed specimen of that curious animal the peccary, which, according to Shaw, not only attacks common snakes and reptiles, but even the rattlesnake, which it seizes and fixes down with its feet, while it dexterously skins it with its teeth.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THORBURN—THE ORIGINAL OF LAWRIE TODD.

GRANT THORBURN, the individual whose life furnished Mr Galt with the materials for composing the fiction of "Lawrie Todd," is an exceedingly odd but intelligent little man; and his autobiography, just published, furnishes the world with another striking instance of what degree of success will attend the efforts of the industrious, when influenced by self-denial and governed by integrity. This curious piece of autobiography, which has been put into our hands by the writer himself, when on a visit to his native country a few weeks ago, bears a strong resemblance to the life of Lackington, the celebrated London bookseller; and being equally calculated to incite the young to exertion and virtuous pursuits, we now abridge it for the use of our readers.

"I was born on the 18th of February 1773, in a small village named Westhouses, near Dalkeith, six miles south from Edinburgh. My father was poor, honest, and industrious, and followed the trade of a nail-maker; in his religious principles he was strict and conscientious, and possessed a large share of sound sense and mother-wit. In my third year I lost my mother; and the ill usage I subsequently experienced had the effect of stunting my growth, though not of injuring my health, which has always been excellent. When I acquired sufficient strength, I followed the trade of nail-making with my father, in which occupation I soon surpassed many of my work-fellows.

In the year 1792, when the French revolution had fairly commenced, and affected Britain with the desire for reform, I joined the society of what were then called the Friends of the People, and in London were termed the Corresponding Societies; and in the winter of 1793, with seventeen more of the members of the said society in Dalkeith, I was marched a prisoner into Edinburgh under the charge of sheriffs' officers. After examination, we were all dismissed on bail; and to avoid any further trouble in this affair, my father, by an arrangement with the person who had become bail, paid for the passage of my brother and myself to New York; in consequence of which we sailed from Leith for that port in the ship Providence, on the 13th of April 1794.

Passing over the incidents of the voyage, on the 16th of June, about ten o'clock in the morning, our ship came to anchor opposite the city of New York, which in those days made a very poor appearance from the water. In a few minutes the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger went on shore but myself; I felt a sort of presentiment that I was about entering on new, important, and untried

scenes. Many of our countrymen came on board inquiring for friends or news, for in those days a ship arriving with passengers was a rare sight. I asked an Edinburgh man who came on board, and who had been in New York about a year, if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails. He said he thought not, as they had just got a machine set up for cutting nails out of iron hoops. This was a piece of discouraging news, and made me less anxious about going on shore, especially as all the money we had between my brother and I was six and a quarter cents (a cent is about a halfpenny), and this was given us by a passenger for some wine we had saved out of a bottle we had taken on board. About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, and finding I had not gone ashore, told me not to be discouraged; so I went about the ship assisting the cook in getting ready the dinner; and while employed on the deck scraping some potatoes, a boat came alongside with some gentlemen seeking for servants. When they came on deck, the first inquired for a farmer's servant; the second for a servant-woman; and the third, a Mr George Cleland, hardware merchant of Maiden Lane, asked if there were any nail-makers on board. I caught the word, and, looking up, answered I was one. He was a tall man, and looking down on me, he inquired, with a tone of surprise, "Can you make nails?" I answered quickly, I would wager sixpence I would make more nails in one day than any man in the country. The answer, manner, and speaker, set the company into a roar of laughter, which ended by my receiving a card to call at his store as soon as we got on shore. As an apology for the above boast, I will only state, that, a few weeks before I left home, in one day, from six A.M. to nine P.M., for a wage of sixpence, I made 3320 nails. This was more by 400, as far as ever was heard of among the craft to have been made by any man in the same time in Britain."

About sun-down, the ship was hauled in to the wharf, where the two brothers went ashore, and, proceeding to Mr Cleland's, were immediately engaged. Next day, they procured a humble lodging, and had their baggage conveyed from the vessel; so were thus speedily settled in New York. They subsequently removed from this dwelling to another lodging in the house of Mrs Suckles, a widow of decent and religious habits, whose family consisted of only one daughter, Rebecca, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, and amiable dispositions. An affection now sprung up in the bosom of our hero towards the interesting Rebecca; but as his means were yet slender, he wisely postponed cultivating his attachment till he should be enabled to support a family in a creditable, even though humble manner. "About this time (he proceeds), in the spring of 1796, my brother not being in good health, we hired a small store, or shop, having saved about one hundred dollars; we laid it out in small hardware, and got fifty dollars' worth more on credit, consisting of pins, needles, scissors, knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both. When I began to place our hundred dollars' worth of goods in the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance; and as I was just beginning to find out that appearances went a great way in this world, I procured a number of brickbats and round sticks of wood; the wood I sawed in lengths, and covered it with paper, having one shaving-box or snuff-box attached to one end. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty-four boxes, just as the size may be; a brickbat thus covered, having a knife and fork outside, looked as well on the shelf as two dozen real ones; so on with scissors, &c. &c., till the shelves were decently filled, and the store made a respectable appearance. I procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I kept four, six, or eight of a sort for retailing; and as they sold off, I procured half-a-dozen more by wholesale; so I had no occasion to discompose my brickbats nor wood blocks. By mistake, I had tied a round shaving-box on a brick; a sly old Scotchman, who used to step in for a crack, observed it. 'Ay, man,' says he, 'but ye hae unco queer things here: wha ever saw a square shaving-box?' I let him into the secret; we had a good laugh. Says he, 'Ye're an auld-farrant chap; nae doot but ye'll do very well in this country.' My brother got tired of attending store, and went off to Philadelphia. I was now in great trouble; we were beginning to make some pennies by the store, and did not like to give it up; neither did I like to give up my nail-making, for this was sure. So I resolved to push my courtship, calculating, that if I got married, I would have a shopkeeper of my own; but if not, to sell off and leave the city; for I could not live in New York and see her the wife of another; and in the meantime continued to keep both. For this end I arose at four o'clock A.M., and made nails till eight; opened store at eight; staid in till eight P.M.; shut up, and went to nail-making till twelve; thus getting scant four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where Rebecca lived. She used to come to the window; I helped her in, where she staid sewing or knitting till midnight; I working and courting, thus killing two birds with one stone.

I thus continued my suit, and in due time we were married; the room we commenced housekeeping in measured six feet by twelve; as for our furniture, it consisted of a bed and bedstead, one pine table (value

of fifty cents), three Windsor chairs, a soup pot, tangle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, frying-pan, and brander. It was enough—it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another. Now we have carpets to shake, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold; and what does it all amount to? For your own necessity, one bed, one cup, one knife and fork, table, and chair, is enough. Our room, though small, was neat and clean—our furniture, though scant, was sufficient for all our wants, and every article in its place.

We next went to housekeeping in a small wooden building, No. 22, Nassau Street, having only a ground floor; this I partitioned off into a store, kitchen, and bed-room, which also served for our parlour. Here we lived in peace and happiness; and here, on the 23d of September 1798, our first child was born. On that memorable day, sixty-three persons died of yellow fever in the city. On this occasion, and through the whole prevalence of that dreadful calamity, I have to record the preserving goodness and mercy of God. Thorburn now enters into an account of the period of the yellow fever in New York, which being in a great measure episodic, and suitable for a separate notice, may here, with other extraneous matter, be passed over. In 1800, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, and in the following year we find him again entering into the state of matrimony. Shortly after this, the introduction of cut-nails cut him off from making a living by his hammer. He then took to the selling of grocery goods, but this business also falling off, from the establishment of a rival shopkeeper in the neighbourhood, he was obliged to look round for some other mode to support his family. What seemed at first a misfortune turned out to be ultimately a blessing. But we shall again allow him to tell his own story.

"About this time the ladies of New York were beginning to show their taste for flowers; and it was customary to sell the empty flowerpots in the grocery stores; these articles also comprised part of my stock. In the fall of the year, when the plants wanted shifting, preparatory to their being placed in the parlour, I was often asked for pots of a handsomer quality, or better make. As above stated, I was looking round for some other means to support my family. All at once it came into my mind to take and paint some of my common flowerpots with green varnish paint, thinking it would better suit the taste of the ladies than the common brickbat coloured ones. I painted two pair, and exposed them in front of my window. I remember, just as I had placed the two pair of pots in front of my window on the outside, I was standing in the side-walk, admiring their appearance, a carriage came along, having the glasses let down, and one lady only in the carriage. As the carriage passed my shop, her eye lit on the pots; she put her head out at the window, and looked back, as far as she could see, on the pots. I, this will take, and it did take; for these two pots were the links of a chain by means of which Providence was leading me into my present extensive seed-establishment. They soon drew attention, and were sold. I painted six pair; they soon went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage: this was in the fall of 1802. One day, in the month of April following, I observed a man for the first time selling flower-plants in the Fly Market, which then stood in the foot of Maiden Lane. As I carelessly passed along, I took a leaf, and, rubbing it between my fingers and thumb, asked him what was the name of it. He answered, a rose-geranium. This, as far as I can recollect, was the first time that I ever heard that there was a geranium in the world; as, before this, I had no taste for, nor paid any attention to, plants. I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and thought it would look well if removed into one of my green flowerpots, to stand on my counter to draw attention. I remember after smelling the first leaf of the rose-geranium, and also when I received additions to my stock, how I was struck with wonder and amazement at the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in imparting to the green leaf of one plant the fragrance of another, such as the balm, musk, pennyroyal, &c.

Observe, I did not purchase this plant with the intention of selling it again, but merely to draw attention to my green pots, and let the people see how well the pots looked when the plant was in them. Next day, some one fancied and purchased plant and pot. Next day I went, when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river, as he lived at Brooklyn, and in those days there were neither steam nor horse-boats. Accordingly, I purchased two plants; and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done this way; and so I continued to go at the close of the market, and always bargained for the unsold plants. And the man finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and show me how to shift the plants out of his pots, and put them into green pots, if my customers wished it. So I soon found by his tongue that he was a Scotchman, and being countrymen, we wrought to one another's hands: thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty. The thing, being a novelty, began to draw attention; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits, the strangers would express a wish to have

some of these plants, but having so far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no seed of such plants; then, again, others would ask for cabbage, turnip, or radish-seed, &c.

These frequent inquiries at length set me to thinking, that if I could get seeds, I would be able to sell them; but here lay the difficulty, as no one sold seed in New York, no one of the farmers or gardeners saved more than what they wanted for their own use; there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma, I told my situation to George Inglis, the man from whom I had always bought the plants in the Fly Market. He said he was now raising seeds, with the intention of selling them next spring along with his plants in the market; but if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me to sell. A bargain was immediately struck; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to fifteen dollars; and thus commenced a business on the 17th of September 1805, that already is the most extensive of the sort in the United States."

The prosperity of our little hero was not, however, unchecked. In 1808, when all intercourse between America and Britain was suspended, by the celebrated orders in council, and the importation of seeds consequently prevented, he was advised to commence raising seeds for sale, on a piece of land he received in payment of a debt. This project was eventually unsuccessful; all the efforts bestowed upon it were thrown away; and as a last resource he applied with an "empty pocket and clear conscience for the benefit of the insolvent act." He was now a beggared bankrupt, and had to commence the world anew; and at this point of his history lies perhaps the best moral in the book. It is too often the case that men so ruined by misfortunes in trade abandon themselves to despair, or associate with bad company picked up in their desperate circumstances, which of course prevents them from again rising into a respectable station in society. Now, let us observe the judicious conduct of Mr Thorburn. In 1815, he returned to New York with his family, and only about twelve dollars in his pocket. Being out of employment, he hired himself to the humble occupation of a porter, in the store of a Mr D. Durham; but in January 1816, a friend advanced him five hundred dollars, with which he was once more enabled to commence business in a small way, in the cellar of a house. For seven years previous, in spite of all his exertions, every thing went backward—now, as he tells us, every thing seemed to thrive of itself. The person who had taken his former seed-shop neglected his business, took to habits of dissipation, was sold out by the sheriff in turn, when Mr Thorburn purchased part of the stock and all the fixtures, and so was fully enabled to carry on business at his old stand. His trade continuing yearly to increase, and to place him in easy circumstances, he was not only able to pay the whole of the debts incurred prior to his failure, which he was by no means compelled to do, but to enlarge his already extensive establishment, by purchasing the Friends' meeting-house adjacent, for the sum of twenty thousand five hundred dollars. This he accomplished in 1825, erecting the additional premises into a splendid green-house for plants. Here, with the assistance of his sons, he now carries on the largest business of the kind in North America; respected by all who know him for the simplicity of his manners and the sturdy integrity and industry which have advanced him to so respectable a place among the merchants of New York. His autobiography, though extravagant in some of the inferences which he draws from events, furnishes, as we have said, another striking proof of the success which will attend even the poorest artisan, provided he be diligent in pursuing his line of duty, and take advantage of any happy contingency that may arise in his course.

ADVICE IN PURCHASING A HORSE.*

In buying a horse, one of the chief requisites to be attended to, is the degree of nervous energy which the animal possesses; and it is the union of this energy with good conformation that makes many horses invaluable. Its absence or presence, however, is not likely to be discovered by the purchaser without a trial; and to avoid disappointment in this respect, it is therefore advisable to obtain one prior to purchase. The horse should be set to the work he will be called on to perform; and if he is intended for the saddle or single harness, he should have no companion on his trial, for many horses work well in company, that are downright sluggards when alone.

Some horses have an unpleasant way of going, or are difficult to manage, or have some vice which is only displayed at work. These are so many more reasons for having a trial prior to striking a bargain. But if that cannot be obtained, some sort of conclusion regarding the animal's spirit may be drawn from his general appearance. The way he carries his head, his attention to surrounding objects, his gait, and the lively motion of his ears, may all or each be looked to as indicative of "bottom" or willingness to work. It is only, however, in a private stable, or in that of a

respectable dealer, that these *criteria* can be depended upon; for, in a market-place, the animal is too much excited by the cracking of whips, and the too frequent application of them, to be judged of as regards his temper. Neither must the buyer be thrown off his guard by the animation which horses display at an auction, or on coming out of the stable of a petty dealer, for it is a fact which cannot be too well made known, that there are many unprincipled dealers, who make it their business, before showing a horse, to "put some life in him," that is, they torture him with the lash, till, between pain and fear, the poor animal is so much excited as to bound from side to side with his utmost agility, at the least sound or movement of the bystanders.

The head, as being a part not at all contributing to progression, should, in the saddle-horse, be small, that it may be light—the nostrils expanded to admit plenty of air, and the space between the branches of the lower jaw, called the channel, should be wide, that there may be plenty of room for the head of the windpipe. In the draught-horse, a heavy head is not, as far as utility is concerned, an objection, for it enables him to throw some weight into the collar; and hence, excepting its ugliness, it is rather an advantage if he is used entirely for draught. But it makes the saddle-horse bear heavy on the hand of the rider, makes him liable to stumble, and, when placed at the end of a long neck is apt to wear out the fore feet and legs by its great weight. The neck of the saddle-horse should be thin, not too much arched, and rather short than long, for the same reason that the head should be light; and, in the draught-horse, it may be thick, stallion-like, and sufficiently long to afford plenty of room for the collar, and for the same reason that the head may be large in this animal. The windpipe should be large, and standing well out from the neck, that the air may have an easy passage to and from the lungs. The horse used for both carrying and drawing should have a head and neck neither too light nor too heavy.

That the saddle-horse may be safe, and have extensive action, it is necessary that the withers be high. This advantage is indicated by the horse standing well up before; and it is usual, in showing a horse, to exaggerate the height of the forehead, by making him stand with his fore feet on a somewhat elevated spot. A horse with low withers appears thick and cloddy about the shoulder. In the ass and mule, the withers are very low, and the shoulders very flat, and this is the reason why they are so unpleasant to ride, and why it is next to impossible to keep the saddle in its proper place without the aid of a crupper. High withers, however, are not essential to the racer, or the draught-horse. The former does all his work by leaps, and that is performed best when the horse stands somewhat higher behind than before: neither are high withers necessary to the draught-horse; but in the roadster they are as important as the safety of the rider is, for a horse with a low forehead is easily thrown on his knees. In the draught-horse, this tendency towards the ground is obviated by the support the collar affords.

The chest should be deep and wide in all horses, but especially so in one intended for quick work, in order that there may be plenty of room for those important organs, the lungs.

The back should not be too long nor too short; for though length is favourable to an extended stride and rapid motion, yet it makes the horse weak, and unable either to draw or carry any considerable weight. On the other hand, if the back be too short, the horse's action must be confined, and short-backed horses in general make an unpleasant noise when trotting, by striking the shoe of the hind foot against the shoe of the fore one; and though they are in general very hardy, and capable of enduring much fatigue, and of living on but little food, yet a back of middling length is better by far than one immoderately short or long. The back should be nearly straight.

In the saddle-horse, and where safety is desirable, the position of the fore leg is worthy of attention. It should be placed well forward, and descend perpendicularly to the ground, the toe being nearly in a line with the point of the shoulder. The pasterns should neither be turned in nor out. When they are turned inwards, the horse is in general very liable to cut the fetlock-joint by striking the opposite foot against it. The draught-horse may be excused, though he leans a little over his fore legs, but the saddle-horse will be apt to stumble if he does so.

The foot should be as nearly round as possible, smooth, and displaying no signs of brittleness by pieces being broken and chipped off by the nails; the sole should be but moderately concave; when flat, it is objectionable, and particularly so in the heavy, high-actioned horse, for there is then a probability of its becoming convex.

With regard to the important point, "mark of mouth;" At the age of six years, the mark in the teeth is gone from the two central nippers; they being the oldest by a year, are soonest worn down. At seven, the mark is worn out of the four central teeth, and at eight the majority of horses lose all mark, and afterwards may be styled aged; though the purchaser need not reject a horse because his mouth is too old to express his age, provided his limbs appear clean and firm, for few horses become useless from natural decay.

* From a small useful manual, entitled *Advice to Purchasers of Horses*, by J. Stewart; M'Phan, Glasgow; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

ILLINOIS.

WE have already conducted the reader through West Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, in all of which states the emigrant will find a place of settlement suitable to his circumstances. We now conduct him still farther west, to a district removed to a still greater distance from the old settled parts of the Union; we take him into Illinois—the beautiful and fertile Illinois—the land which has been called by the French the terrestrial paradise, and of which we are afraid we can give but a feeble description.

Illinois is bounded on the north by the North-West territory; east by lake Michigan, Indiana, and the river Wabash; south by the Ohio, which separates it from Kentucky; and on the west by the river Mississippi, which separates it from Missouri state and territory. It extends 350 miles in length, by a breadth of 180 miles, and lies between the 37th and 42d degrees of north latitude; altogether it contains forty millions of acres. The census of 1830 showed a population of 155,176 whites, and only 746 blacks.

It is only necessary to look on the map of this state to see what astonishing advantages for inland navigation nature has given it. On its northern extent, it has for a great distance the waters of lake Michigan, and the boatable streams that empty into it; and by this vast body of waters a communication is opened with the northern parts of Indiana and Ohio, with New York and Canada. On the north-west frontier it has Rock River, a long, beautiful, and boatable river of the Mississippi. On the whole western part it is washed by the Mississippi, into which pours opposite its centre the equally large river Missouri; on its southern side it has the Ohio; and on its south-eastern the Wabash. Through its centre winds in one direction the river Illinois, connecting the Mississippi with lake Michigan by the Plein and Kankakee, a river, excepting a short distance of shoals, almost as uniformly boatable as a canal; and in another direction the beautiful Kaskaskia pursues a course through the state. Besides these, there are great numbers of boatable streams penetrating the state in every direction. Such is the intersection of this state by these waters, that no settlement in it is far from a boatable communication—and this is a most important consideration for an emigrant—either with lake Michigan, the Mississippi, or the Ohio, with all of which there are direct communications with the ocean. The country also presents great facilities for canals, and in time transport will be almost as entirely by water in Illinois, as it is now in Holland or China. The state of Illinois forms a remarkable portion of the great level central plain of North America, and is considered to possess the finest land in the known world. It is a district composed of the most beautiful prairies, or flat meadow grounds, covered with rich grasses, and unencumbered with forests, though not unornamented with trees. One prairie, with very little interruption, spreads from the Mississippi to lake Michigan; and with the exception of bluffs or high grounds on the main rivers, the greater part of the territory is either flat or rolling. In some instances the prairies are alluvial and high and dry, of a rich black loam, and an exceedingly fertile soil; in others, they are wet and of a mossy nature, from being subject to inundations; and the individual who proposes to settle in this part of the western states must take care to select his land accordingly. Mr Flint, in one of his works, has given the following animated account of the impression made upon him by his first visit to the large prairie bordering on the Mississippi, near the embouchure of the Missouri river:—"It was Sabbath, and a fine September morning, when I came out upon the first prairie of any great size or beauty that I had seen. Every object was brilliant with a bright sun, and wet with a shower that had fallen the preceding evening. The first time a stranger comes in view of this prairie, take it all in all, the most beautiful ever I have seen, a scene strikes him that will never be forgotten. The noble border of wood that with its broad curve skirts this prairie, has features peculiar to the Missouri bottom, and distinct from that of the Mississippi. I observed the cotton trees to be immensely tall, rising like Corinthian columns, enwrapped with a luxuriant wreathing of ivy, and the *Bignonia radicans*, with its splendid trumpet-shaped flowers, displayed them glittering in the sun, quite on the summits of the trees. The prairie itself was a most glorious spectacle—such a sea of verdure, in one direction extending beyond the reach of the eye, and presenting millions of flowers of every scent and hue, seemed an immense flower-garden. The air was soft and mild. The smoke streamed aloft from the houses and cabins which indented the prairie just on the edge of the wood. The best view of this prairie is from the 'Mamelles'—pap-shaped eminences—which bound it on the west.

From the foot of these eminences, the prairie, in ascending towards the north, has a width of five miles,

and is seventy miles in length. On the Mississippi side the prairie touches the river for most of this distance. The aspect of the whole surface is smooth and level, the verdure charming, and the eye reposes upon it with delight. Houses at eight miles' distance over the plain seem just at your feet. A few spreading trees, planted by the hand, are dotted here and there upon the surface. Two fine islands of woodland, of a circular form, diversify the view. Large flocks of cattle and horses are seen grazing together; and frequently a herd of wild-deer is seen bounding over the plain. In the autumn, immense flocks of pelicans, sand-bills, cranes, geese, swans, ducks, and all kinds of aquatic fowls, are seen hovering over it. The soil is of the easiest culture, and of the most exuberant productiveness. The farms are laid out in parallelograms. At the foot of the Mamelles are clumps of hazel bushes, pawpaws, wild grapes, and prairie plums in abundance. The grass is thick and tall. Corn and wheat grow in the greatest perfection. When I first saw this charming scene, 'Here,' said I to my companion who guided me, 'here shall be my farm, and here will I end my days!' In effect, take it all in all, I have not seen, before nor since, a landscape which united, in an equal degree, the grand, the beautiful, and fertile. It is not necessary, on seeing it, to be very young or very romantic, in order to have dreams steal over the mind, of spending an American life in these remote plains, which just begin to be vexed with the plough, far removed from the haunts of wealth and fashion, in the midst of rustic plenty, and of this beautiful nature. I will only add, that it is intersected with two or three canals, apparently the former beds of the river; that the soil is mellow, friable, and of an inky blackness; that it immediately absorbs the rain, and affords a road always dry and beautiful to Portage des Sioux. It yields generally forty bushels of wheat, and seventy of corn, to the acre. The vegetable soil has a depth of forty feet, and earth thrown from the bottom of the wells is as fertile as that on the surface. At a depth of forty feet are found logs, leaves, pieces of pit-coal, and a stratum of sand and pebbles, bearing evident marks of the former attrition of running waters. Here are 100,000 acres of this land fit for the plough."

In another work, the same writer mentions that this prairie land, lovely though it be, is not without certain disadvantages in its character, and in fairness these should be stated. "In the season of flowers (says he), the eye and all the senses receive the highest gratification. In the time of strawberries, thousands of acres are reddened with the finest quality of this delicious fruit. But this country, which strikes the eye delightfully, and has millions of acres that invite the plough, wants timber for building, fencing, and fuel. It also wants good water; and in many instances the inhabitants want health. Most of these evils will be remedied by the expedients of cultivation. Forests may soon be raised upon the prairies: coal and peat may be discovered for fuel: hedges and ditches may fence it: and pure water may be found by carrying the wells below the stratum of earth, that is supposed to impart the sulphureous and disagreeable taste which it possesses." Let us therefore hope, that cultivation and attention to the nature of the land will in time render such portions of Illinois healthy and agreeable. At any rate, the emigrant will endeavour to avoid those districts which do not hold out the prospect of ultimate comfort.

Among other districts worthy of notice in Illinois, is that of the military bounty lands, situated in the angle, or delta, at the junction of the Illinois river with the Mississippi. More than five millions of acres have been surveyed, to meet the appropriation of three millions and a half acres, which were assigned by Congress as a bounty for soldiers. These lands embrace all the varieties of soil found in any part of the Mississippi valley. There are rich bottoms, inundated swamps, grassy prairies, timbered alluvions, perpendicular bluffs, mamelle and river hills, barrens, and all qualities of soil, from the best to the worst. The lower portion next the Mississippi, where the two rivers for a long distance are near each other, seldom diverging more than eight miles, is generally of extraordinary fertility, but sometimes inundated, and too often unhealthy. As we ascend the Illinois, and the two rivers diverge, the character of the country becomes more diversified, less subject to inundation, more happily sprinkled with hill, dale, copse, and prairie. The north-eastern division of this tract is in general a fine country.

On Rock River, the Illinois, the Kaskaskia, Embarras, between the Big and Little Wabash, on the Paraisaw, the Macoupin, the Sangamon, and on all the considerable streams of this state, there are very large bodies of first-rate lands. The Grand Prairie, the Mound Prairie, the prairie upon which the Marine settlement is fixed, and that occupied by the Society of Christians from New England, are all exceedingly rich tracts. What is called the Sangamon district, in particular, is an Arcadian region, exceedingly well worthy of the notice of the settler. This district is understood to comprehend the counties of Green, Morgan, and Sangamon, the latter by far the largest, all bounded on the west by the Illinois river. This portion of the western country is a spot on which nature has delighted to bring together the happiest combinations of landscape. The Sangamon river, from which the district takes its name, is a fine boatable water, tributary to the Illinois, entering it on the

south side, 140 miles above the mouth of the Illinois; and all the streams that enter this beautiful river have sandy and pebbly bottoms, and pure and transparent waters, which is a point well worth keeping in remembrance. Here there is a happy proportion of timbered and prairie lands, the soil being of great fertility, and the summer range for cattle inexhaustible. The growth of forest-trees is similar to that of the rich lands in the western country in general; the proportion of locust, black walnut, and pecan trees, that indicate the richest soils, being great. Iron and copper ore, salt spring, gypsum, and stove coal, are abundant. All who have visited this fine tract of country, among the rest Mr Stuart, admire the beauty of the landscape, which nature has here painted in primeval freshness. So rich a tract of country was early selected by immigrants from New England, New York, and North Carolina. More than two hundred families had fixed themselves here before it was surveyed; and now it constitutes a populous territory, thickly settled by thriving farmers.

As we could not give a sufficient description of the promising state of Illinois in a single article, without extending it to too great a length, we shall defer farther particulars regarding it till another opportunity.

POPULAR RHYMES.

THE WEATHER.

AN article in the thirty-second number of the Journal, entitled "Popular Rhymes," was opened with the following sentences:—"The common people of Scotland preserve a species of poetry, which has as yet received but little attention from antiquaries, notwithstanding that in many instances it possesses an inexpressible charm both for the ear and the understanding. This poetry consists chiefly in short snatches of rhyme, which they hand down from one generation to another, respecting the places and natural objects they see around them, and which, it is easy to perceive, are in many cases almost as old as the language itself. For our own part, at the risk of being charged with puerility of taste, we have a strange liking for these old bits of natural verse, which we always think of as things that arose in a distant age, beside the happy firesides of a peasantry that lived, and breathed, and rejoiced like ourselves, but have long been inurned in forgetfulness, leaving no memorial but the songs which they sung, or the rhymes in which they embodied their simple observations and local knowledge." The specimens embodied in that article were selected chiefly from a volume published in 1826, by Mr R. Chambers, under the title of "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," and referred exclusively to geographical objects. We now propose to embody, from a manuscript collection, a similar array of the rhymes applicable to the weather; a subject which, naturally, has at all times excited much attention among the rural classes. These tags of verse will not, perhaps, in so enlightened an age as the present, appear as either the most elegant or the most rational of all kinds of poetry. We acknowledge that in many instances they have no very fine sound, and possibly as little sense. Yet they embody the wisdom, such as it was, of our ancestors, upon one important and critical subject, and, as such, even where they are superseded by the more precise knowledge of modern times, have the value of being characteristic and historical. They may also, to some ears, have the appeal of a pleasing association. Many must be brought in mind, by these old jingles, of happy evenings spent long since in cot or hall, of ancient and venerated, albeit unlearned lips, now closed in everlasting silence, and of youthful compeers, once united in the bonds of friendship, but now scattered over every shore, never again to be gathered together on earth.

The rhymes on the weather may be divided into two classes—those which relate to the character of a year or a season, and those which refer to an ordinary change. Among the former is one peculiarly laconic, by which the peasant argues in spring the kind of weather he is to have in the ensuing winter.

Many hawes,
Many snaws,

says the rustic, when he hears a gratulatory remark upon the abundance of the blossom exhibited by the hedges, meaning, that this fair appearance of things only prognosticates the severity of another period of the year. Perhaps the similarity which the hawthorn bears in bloom,

— with its locks of siller grey,
Where like an aged man it stands at break or day—
to the hoary aspect of vegetable nature in general during a snow-storm, may have helped him to the conclusion; or it may be in a great measure one of those damping expressions with which agricultural people are so ready to moderate the confidence of the uninitiated, when the hopes of the year are prominently brought forward. However this may be, we remember seeing it quoted some years ago, by a provincial English newspaper, in reference to a severe winter which did follow a spring of uncommon brilliancy.

The effects of a variable winter, it is well known, are always less favourable than those of one of de-

cided severity. This is expressed in a Peeblesshire rhyme—

Mony a frost, and mony a thowe.
Sune maks mony a rotten yowe.*

The pluvius consequences of thick weather at the end of the moon, are thus denoted—

Auld mune mist
Ne'er died o' thirst;

while it is equally certain that

The evening red and the morning grey,
Are the tokens o' a bonnie day.

One of the most familiar rhymes respecting the weather is popularly understood to be the composition of no less distinguished a man than George Buchanan. This illustrious scholar and patriot is vulgarly believed in Scotland to have been the king's fool or jester—a mere *natural*, but possessed of a gift of wit which enabled him to give very pertinent answers to impertinent questions. He was once asked—so runs the story—what could buy a plough of gold; when he immediately answered—

A frosty winter and a dusty March, a rain about April,
Another about the Lammas time, when the corn begins to fill.

Is weel worth a pleuch o' gowd, and a' her pins theretill.
Which accordingly is believed to contain the exact description of a season calculated to produce a good harvest; a thing not over-estimated at the value of a plough composed of the most precious metal.

Of all the months, February, though the shortest, appears to be considered by rural people as the most important. We have as many rhymes about this dock-tailed month as about all the rest put together; and all express either an open detestation of it, or a profound sense of its influence in deciding the weather that is to follow. What is odd, it is blessed if it be fair, and anathematised if it be the reverse.

Every month in the year
Curses a fair Februar,

says the wisdom of Lanarkshire. What says Tweeddale?

Februar, an ye be fair,
The hogs 'll mend, and naething pair;†
Februar, an ye be foul,
The hogs 'll die in ilka pool.

Again, a more general quatrain thus expresses the same idea—

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

That is to say, the half of winter is past at Christmas. The fickleness of this unlucky month is hit by a verse prevalent in the south of Scotland—

February fills the dyke
Either wi' the black or white.

That is—February either drifts up the inclosures of the country with snow, or exhibits the adjacent banks in that dark state which the ground generally displays in an open winter. Then, again, we have the Aberdonians informing us that

The fair-day o' Auld Deer
Is the worst day in a' the year.

Namely, the third Thursday of February. But the unkindest cut of all is yet to come.

Leap year

Was never a gude sheep year,

say the pastoral folk of Ettrick and Yarrow, as if the extension of this unhappy month, by so little as a single day, were sufficient to mark the year with ruin to the stock. The force of obloquy "can no further go."

The superstition of the Borrowing Days will be familiar to most of our readers, for, as it is alluded to in Ellis's Notes to Brand's Popular Antiquities, we presume it must be prevalent in England as well as in Scotland. The Borrowing, or rather, as they should be called, the Borrowed Days, are the three at the end of March, which, it seems, were originally obtained on loan from April, and have never, so far as we have heard, been either claimed or returned. The most common rhyme relative to the transaction goes thus:—

March borrowed from April
Three days, and they were ill:
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet;
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees.

A Stirlingshire version is more dramatic, and gives the name of one of the months in nearly the original French—

March said to Averil,
"I see three hogs on yonder hill;
And if you'll lend me days three,
I'll find a way to gar them die!"
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet;
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' feet to the trees.
When the three days were past and gane,
The silly pair hogs cam hirplin hame.

What could have inspired March with so deadly a design against the three sheep, is one of those profound questions which only can be solved by the cottage fire-side, "between glomd and supper-time." Certes, however, the three last days of March are still occasionally observed to be of the kind described in these

* Even. † Impair. ‡ Sheep in their second year.

rhymes—and that in defiance of the statute 24 Geo. II. cap. 23. It is purely vain to point out to one of the sages who keep an eye upon the Borrowing Days, that the three last days of March are not now the same as they were before the year 1752, but in reality correspond with that part of the year which was once the 18th, 19th, and 20th of the month. "Gae wa," said one old man, to whom we had explained this circumstance, "d'ye think the Almighty cares for acks o' Parliament?" This we held as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, and accordingly abandoned the case.

It is generally conceded that

April showers
Mak May flowers.

But the beau-ideal of a good May is different among the farmers from what it is among the poets. Buchanan exclaims in rapture,

All hail to thee, thou first of May!

Tout au contraire, the agriculturist says,

Mist in May and heat in June,
Maks the harvest richt sune;

while the Galloway version speaks still more decidedly—

A wet May and a winnie,
Brings a fou stackyard and a finnie;

implying that rain in May and dry winds afterwards produce a plentiful crop, with that mark of excellence by which grain is generally judged of by connoisseurs—a good feeling in the hand. (See *Macdaggart's Gallovidian Encyclopedia*.) On the other hand, it is allowed that heat in May hastens the ripening of the victual, though it may be prematurely.

March dust and May sun
Maks corn white and maidens dune;

So alleges a Perthshire rhyme—where there is another distich of which the preceding brings us in recollection—

The lasses o' Examagirdle may very weel be dune,
For frae Martinmas to Candlemas they never see the sun;

the latter circumstance being occasioned by the height of the mountains to the south. There is another ungracious rhyme about this favourite month of the poets—

Till May be out,
Change na a clout:

That is, thin not your winter-clothing till the end of May—a good maxim if we are to put faith in the great father of modern medicine, Boerhaave, who, on being consulted as to the proper time for putting off flannel, is said to have answered, "On Midsummer night, and—put it on again next morning!"—though we suspect that none but a member of a nation accustomed to sport ten pairs of the lesser garments would have given so smothering an advice.

Of the rhymes respecting immediate and temporary weather, one or two specimens have already been given. The most common of that order are those which deduce the obvious fact of a near access of rain, from the mists on the tops of hills. Every district in Scotland has a rhyme of that kind, with little variation except what is necessary to admit the name of the most conspicuous mountain or mountains of the respective districts. Thus in Roxburghshire they say—

When Ruberslaw puts on his cowl,
The Dunion on his hude,
Then a' the wives o' Teviotside
Ken there will be a flude.

In Forfarshire, Craigowl and Collie-law, two eminences in the Sidlaw range, are substituted for Ruberslaw and the Dunion, and the "Lundy lads" for the wives o' Teviotside. Sometimes the rhyme is confined to the fact, that, when mist descends on one hill-top, it soon appears on those near it—as, in Annandale—

When Criffel wears a hap,*
Skiddaw wots full well o' that.

And in Galloway—

When Criffel wears a cap,
Skreel gets word o' that.

And in Haddingtonshire—

When Traprain puts on his hat,
The Lothian lads may look to that.

The hills, indeed, by their attracting and precipitating rain, serve as natural barometers all over Scotland.

Deductions as to weather from the wind must of course depend altogether on local circumstances. In Forfarshire, which lies on the east coast of Scotland, with a long stretch of country intervening between its borders and the opposite sea, the following rhyme is highly applicable:—

When the carry† gaes west,
Gude weather is past;
When the carry gaes east,
Gude weather comes neist.‡

In Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire, which enjoy a central situation, and are not far distant from the sea in any direction, they say—

When the wind's in the north,
Hail comes forth;
When the wind's in the west,
Look for a wat blast;
When the wind's in the south,
The weather will be fresh and good;
When the wind's in the east,
Cauid and snaw comes neist.

* Any stout exterior garment for protection against cold is called in Scotland "hap."

† The current of the clouds.

‡ Next.

BOERHAAVE'S METHOD OF CURING THE AGUE.

The physician who believes that mind and matter act in unison, will remember how that truly celebrated great man, on a certain occasion, cured the ague. That complaint was very prevalent in his neighbourhood, and he had treated it with indifferent success; when his noble conceptions of the united agency of mind and matter suggested the following treatment. He desired about a dozen patients, whose fit of the ague came on about the hour of the meridian, to come to him at ten o'clock. They were shown into the same room; and after a little while were informed that the doctor was busy, and would wait upon them as soon as possible. At the time the attendant addressed them, he placed a number of irons in the fire, which he increased to a considerable size. After the eleventh hour, the servant again entered the room, apologised again for the doctor's absence, and turned and paid great attention to the irons that were heating. One of the patients inquired the use of the irons, and was informed that they were heating for the purpose of an operation on the patients who had the ague. This was soon whispered from the one to the other. The man had left the room, the doctor came not; and more and more were their attentions directed towards the now red-hot irons. Surmise and conjecture had a strong base to play upon: the red-hot irons were for the use of the ague-patients; every one felt the coming crisis of his own case. They looked; they walked about the room; they were soon, every one of them, in a violent perspiration; and the doctor came not till one o'clock, and the ague-fit came not at all. To his inquiries he found all well; and the time had passed, and not one had upon him the symptoms of his complaint. And taking them into another room, one by one, with care, and caution, and some trifling medicine, he dismissed them, saying that he hoped they would recover without having recourse to any violent remedy. In truth, agitation had excited that apprehension which completely cured them of their disorder.

LUNAR CLIMATE.

The moon has no clouds, nor any other indications of an atmosphere. Hence its climate must be very extraordinary; the alteration being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost, far exceeding that of our polar winters, for an equal time. Such a disposition of things must produce a constant transfer of whatever moisture may exist on its surface, from the point beneath the sun to that opposite, by distillation in vacuo after the manner of the little instrument called a cryophorus. The consequence must be absolute aridity below the vertical sun, constant accretion of hoar-frost in the opposite region, and, perhaps, a narrower zone of running water at the borders of the enlightened hemisphere. It is possible, then, that evaporation on the one hand, and condensation on the other, may to a certain extent preserve an equilibrium of temperature, and mitigate the extreme severity of both climates.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia*.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

In a paper on the colouring principle of the water of the Baltic, M. Pfaff incidentally makes certain remarks on the phosphorescence which it exhibits, principally at the end of the summer until November. He confirms the opinion that the appearance is due to the presence of microscopic animals, and particularly infusores. In support of this opinion, he quotes the careful observations of Dr Michaelis, who has already determined several species, and noticed the most important circumstances affecting their phosphorescence. M. Pfaff observes, that if an electric current be passed through a tube filled with sea water recently taken up, there is immediately seen in it an infinity of brilliant points continually in motion, which remain visible only for a few moments. In general, all experiments prove that these microscopic animals exhibit their light when acted upon by stimulants, such as ammonia, acids, ether, and alcohol. It is also remarked, that mechanical pressure produces the same effect upon the water, but that the phosphorescence is rarely perceived with water that is quiescent.—*Bib. Univ.* 170. xli.

ANCESTRAL GLORY.

Properly considered, ancestral glory is rather an obligation than a claim, and requires from us great exertions in its support, rather than it confers any lustre upon our own actions. It may, indeed, be a matter of pride to a man who has dignified himself by his deeds, to look back upon a long line of illustrious forefathers, and say, "We have all been noble;" but this is the only just cause for satisfaction in great ancestry; and then, it proceeds from the consciousness of having well fulfilled the task which our birth imposed.—*The Author of Darnley*.

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